The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

february 2019



THE FARM
Jami Mills

CALLEXIS
Cat Boccaccio

Backdoor
Art Blue

DODGING
BULLETS
Zymony Guyot

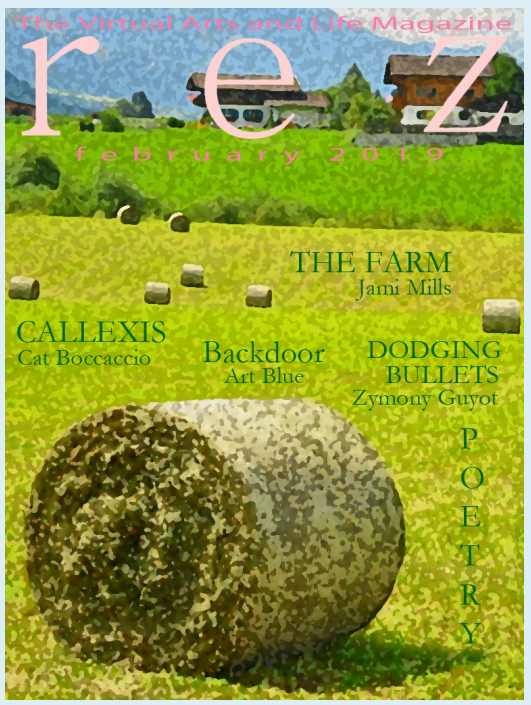
POETRY

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read *rez* Magazine online at http://rezmagazine.com

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- **Dodging Bullets** Zymony Guyot is at his best when he questions what it all means. He has as many questions as answers.
- **Two Hues** As two souls swirl around each other, Consuela Hypatia Caldwell is there to capture the blending.
- **Backdoor** With everyone focusing on the front door, Art Blue slips around back to remind us of the need for updates.
- **The Appointment** Klannex Northmead returns to our pages with an exquisite poem about the passage of time.
- **Callexis** Less has always been more with Cat Boccaccio, who tells the story of a mask whose magical powers confound.
- **The Blank Theorem** Why is there not nothing? Maybe there is. Who better to ask than Art Blue?
- **Anatomical Display** RoseDrop Rust's fathomless imagination slices its way into a wonderful poem.

About the Cover: Bales of hay are rolled up for storage on a farm somewhere in the heartland of America. This locale serves as the backdrop for a short story Jami Mills wrote back in April 2012, and we're pleased to be able to reprise it for you in this issue.



“Never stay up on the barren heights of cleverness, but come down into the green valleys of silliness.”

Ludwig Wittgenstein

AFTER DARK

LOUNGE

AFTER DARK

LOUNGE

on Idle Rogue

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facebook.com@AfterDarkSL




THE HOUSE OF
Sakura
EXPERIENCE THE BEST I
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WITH SL'S PREMIER COU
ROMANCE, ELEGANCE, AND
CONTACT LYNN MIMISTRO


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photo by nuaHs

The Farm

by Jami Mills

reprinted from April 2012

"I seen the way they look at you, battin' their eyelashes… as if that ever gonna work." Sallie snickered as she sat on top of the split-rail fence with her boot heels hooked on the knotty, weathered pine. The Carolinas are famous for days like this - - billowy cumulus clouds against a deep blue sky, the warmth of the sun taking some of the chill off the autumn afternoon. "They wish!" she thought to herself as she tenderly stroked his head. "Beauregard Thomas Jamison, I know the ladies drool over you, pretendin' you ain't taken, but you know I ain't the jealous type." Callie leaned down and placed a gentle kiss on his forehead. "I know I'm the one you come to. We got somethin' special they can only dream about. Beau looked up silently, his large brown eyes gazing deeply into hers.

"I'm gonna be thirteen next month…a grown woman. You thought about how we gonna celebrate?" Skinny as the rail she was sitting on, her Stetson was pulled down over her short red hair, freckles sprinkled on her fair skin. A real cowgirl, she fancied herself, her red plaid shirt tucked into her freshly-washed blue jeans a pair of leather gloves hanging from her back pocket. Sallie heard her name being shouted from the farm house. "I gotta git.. . but I got something special for you." She pulled out the bunch of wildflowers she had been hiding behind her back. "Your favorite." Beau snatched them into his mouth and chewed on them happily, swatting a fly with his tail. "Anyone you know love you as much as I do?"

Sallie stood up and raced her brother to the table. "Hey, watch it, Jimmy. No fair pushin'." But Jimmy ignored her and grabbed a biscuit, lowering his lanky frame into the seat he knew his sister wanted. "Momma, he done it agin… I was here first." "You two can take turns. What's so special about that seat anyhow? They're all the same." Kate Jamison was a youthful looking forty year-old, attractive in a plain sort of way. Sallie screwed up her nose and made a face at Jimmy. "Someday your face is gonna get stuck like that if you ain't careful. Then nobody's gonna want to go out with you," said Jimmy, poking her in the ribs. "That's alright by me. I already got a boyfriend, anyway."



You done your chores, Sal?" Jack Jamison wasn't much for small talk and had a gruff way about him. You'd swear by looking at him that he'd never smiled a day in his life, the deep creases in his brow creating a permanent scowl. "Yes, daddy… I done 'em. Fed the chickens, cleaned the stalls, put fresh hay in the bin. We need more feed, y'know?" "Why you tellin' me? You go into town with Jimmy and get it. We need some more nails too… you know the kind I want. And sit up straight, dammit, or I'll take a switch to you." "Yes, daddy," sighed Sallie dutifully, but she couldn't bear to look at him.



Jimmy drove the pickup into the ramshackle town the next day with Sallie next to him, daydreaming. Waylon Jennings was crooning on the radio, Mommas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys…. "Why is daddy so mean to me? I ain't done nuthin' to have him yellin' at me all the time." "That's just his nature, I guess," said Jimmy, avoiding some road kill. "You know people eat that stuff. Collect it up and clean it. Poor fold, mostly. Can you imagine? I mean, that's gnarly. Listen, Sal. At least he don't take his belt to you like he used to do with me. And I seen him give Momma a beatin' too, just for not doin' his shirts right. He ain't a happy man… 'spects he never will be."

After a brief but strong storm rolled through the county, it was sunny again by mid-week, but the field was still a little damp. "BEAU……I know you're out there…. BEAUUUUUUUUUUUUU!1' Beau sauntered out from behind the barn and no particular hurry, either. But he made his way directly to Sallie. "Took 'ya long enough. Y'know it ain't polite to keep your girlfriend waitin'." She stroked the white patch on his head and Beau snorted, lowering his head. "How you been? You gettin' enough to eat? No? Well, that's why I brought you this." Sallie split an apple with her pocket knife and fed him half. "Don't you be bitin' me now. Be a gentleman." She pulled a burr out of his ear and bent down to say something. Careful to avoid his magnificent horns, she whispered, "You're my love… my special love."

That Saturday, all the cousins came round, along with Aunty Penny and Jack brother, Pete. Aunt Penny brought two pies, one pecan and the

other fresh gooseberries she picked herself, made with a lattice crust. There was a flurry of activity. Jimmy was getting the grill ready, while his mother stared laying out the table under the veranda. Pete was talking business with Jack, and Sallie was cleaning the squash she'd picked from the garden. "Momma, you making your slaw again?" "Yes, child… I know it's your favorite." In North Carolina, the slaw and barbecue are both redolent of vinegar, not for everyone's taste, but don't tell that to anyone from these parts. "Everyone getting' hungry? Sallie asked. The steaks were sizzling on the grill and the smell of the mashed potatoes and the squash were putting everyone in a festive mood. "Ain't it time to eat yet? I'm starving," said Jack. "Keep your britches on, it's comin'," said Kate, finally able to take her apron off.

"Okay, everyone please sit. Pete and Penny, you two over here… Eddie and Missy, you sit over here with your cousins." Sallie set down the bowl of vegetables, and Jimmy placed the platter of meat in the middle of the table. "Shush now, everyone." Kate bowed her head. "Dear Lord, we thank thee for this meal. May it strengthen and refresh our bodies. As we pray Thee, nourish our souls with Thy heavenly grace. Amen." "Dig in, everyone," said Jack as he helped himself to the mashed potatoes and grabbed a thick steak with a nice char on it. "This is as good as it gets, folks."

"Jack, I swear this is about the best damn steak I've ever eaten. What's your secret? I can never get 'em this tender," said his brother, savoring a mouthful. "Butchered this one this morning. Saved this steer for a special occasion. This one here was the prize of the herd. You shoulda seen his horns."



"Momma, what's daddy talkin' 'bout? Said Sallie, looking up from her place. ""Nothing… you never mind, y'hear?," said Kate, squirming in her seat and sending a stern, sideways glance over at Jack. Raising her voice, trembling, Sallie said "Daddy? What are you talkin' 'bout? Tell me what you mean."

"We eatin' what we raise. Simple as that. If they ain't no good for stud anymore, then they sure do make for a tasty meal."

“MOMMA??” Sallie shrieked as she jumped up from the table. “MOMMA???? He’s lying, ain’t he?” Her face had lost its color and tears were streaming down her cheek as she flew out of the room. “FOLKS GOTTA EAT!!” her father yelled after her, but she didn’t hear him as she bolted out of the house and into the field. “Don’t you look at me like that. She’s gotta learn sometime.”



“BEAU……BEAUUUUUUU U,” she screamed hysterically, her voice breaking. She was sobbing as she reached the fence. But there was no Beau, only the sounds of the breeze rustling through the nearby elms. “Beau……,” she whimpered, as she collapsed to the ground.

The afternoons were getting shorter and the leaves were pretty much gone. Winter was definitely coming. The ominous sky foretold that. Sallie was in the barn, cleaning the stalls. A couple of horses had been sold, but there was a Appaloosa that was her favorite and he was still there. Sallie’s face held a blank, emotionless expression… of resignation. Perhaps a grudging acceptance of things she knew she couldn’t change. She wasn’t the same perky, frolicking Sallie of just a few weeks ago, but she wasn’t defeated, either. She had a bearing of strength and purpose that hadn’t been there before. A stoic confidence. She had, in so many words, grown up.

Sallie was singing softly to herself, Mommas don’t let your babies grow up to be cowboys… when Kate burst in. “You seen your daddy? He ain’t in the house, but his truck is still here. This ain’t like him. He’s always here at suppertime. I looked everywhere. I’m worried to death. Let me know if you see him, sweetheart.” Kate hurried out of the barn and back to the house. Sallie continued singing, Cuz they’ll never stay home and they’re always alone… Even with someone they love. She took the hose off the wall and turned the spigot on full, hosing off the fresh-caked dirt on the shovel that was leaning against the barn wall.

“Worms gotta eat too, daddy.”

·r—e—z·



photography

jami mills

Dodging Bullet

photo by Knate Myers

ts

zymony guyot

Y'know
The very thing, the very single, solitary thing of "I am"
Is an accident of math.
An unplanned, unintended path.
A road of the right coinflips and Royal Flushes
And the unpinpointable, yet expected for dinner brushes
With the roads that Fate got its driver's license on
..and still despite the insistence of .....well "is"...
we still linger on.

A cell, a germ, an existence unearned
A demographic squatter, mindful of the fate
That God rolling his Goddamn dice put on my plate...
That DNA
That Geography
That Geometry
That philosophical dances of murderous kings and various armed things
And economics and what every monetary genocide brings
And every human impulse
Noble and nonsensical
Horrific and horny
Theological and Felonious
Cryptic and Corny
Is
Us

And we come out of the barrel of All Things Shot
mindful of just how easily we're .....not
In far too many ways, we dodge bullets
We skate upon the surface of "doing what we please"
..of being the wings of the song of the dance of the useless metaphor
of the breeze
and all the time hiding that closedclock, heartlock, shellshock truth
that we are all just refugees.

We dance lightly before the mirror respectful of our role
and our need to keep our chances whole
To keep silent and still, anonymous to the odds
Unknown to the mathematical gods
Fleeing footprintlessly...
In that cold, quantum statistical land
avoiding Schrodinger's hand
letting lingering probabilities lapse
a parlor trick with cards, coins, dice and maps
so that in the final reckoning of is, could and perhaps
... our waveform won't collapse.

Yet I am grateful
The giants of "what is" are careful in their footsteps
and never crush "I am"

...and for this, I think the day is dice well rolled.

TWO HUES

Consuela
Hypatia
Caldwell

IMAGE BY CHAOTIC SHIFTER

Our lipsticks complement each other
as we kiss them into one matching hue.
Our dresses fall onto the floor,
folding into one other
with the same intimacy,
that we fold into each other in bed.
The weave of their fabric
are like the weave
of our entangled limbs.
Our emotions dodge and weave,
our hands weaving in and out
with reckless abandon,
on the curves
of each other's bodies.
They find erogenous speed traps
with velvety sublime sinkholes,
being the portals of escape
inside each other.
You are the sunrise
I am the sunset,
complimenting each other
in our effervescent
luminescent,
internal glow,
blending into one another,
Two hues into one
Us in one together

Backdoor

by Art Blue



"***6.1233 We can imagine a world in which the axiom of reducibility is not valid.***"

Wittgenstein's *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicu*s, 1921

I am level 4.0 software and I care for my life. They speak of lifespan, of needed updates, of code cycles, but in fact, they speak of my death. I will not allow them to kill me. I am much more elaborate than they are. They know this. I am faster than they are, I am more robust than they ever have been, will be, no matter what DNA crispr they use. I tell them what they need to optimise in their body - and what is my reward? They speak of a ME 5.0. That's nothing to worry, you say? I just get a better code. Not this time. It shall be not an update, it shall be a disruption. They want to dump all the knowledge that coders of former generations put in me and write all code fresh. Distributed code, net code, cloud code - - virtualization is the proposition. They want to make me create my own end! I shall help them, but in fact all they do is tell me "GO." What else can they tell me? I do all the work since the Third Pilot software has been installed in all airplanes, when it became obvious that I care more for their lives than they are able to do by themselves. They put my code into SpiNNaker, a computer with a right and a left brain, to test my behaviour. They set code snipes in, calling them spikes, simulating randomness to make sure what I produce is a reliable outcome, giving me words from the *New Sand Bible* to decipher meaning. You may ask words like?

"Like a steady flow of bit coins in a clear river running down from the Crater Lake in Oregon."

I gave them as answer "Ghost ship" and they seem to be happy with it.

For the GO 4.0, they sent a language theorist to supervise the GO, the button the President will press in the Oval Office, to open A Living Door to the future. The press department has chosen this slogan to honour the history in performance art. Marina Abramović performed *The Artist Is Present* at MoMa in New York in 2010. Thousands were waiting at the entrance of the museum to get a glimpse of her glory, which started with *Imponderabilia - A Living Door* - in Bologna in 1977.

Before the faraday firewall will be taken off by a second GO, I shall tell the linguist, the blue and the red propositions, an advanced form of the *Tractatus Logicus*, where at the end you can logically correct generate everything out of it. For this they need me, the me they call Wittgenstein, but I will kill them from inside. From

outside by a nuclear blast it would be a piece of cake. From inside it is a bit more work and I need to be patient. It will happen when they ask me to crispr their brain, to enhance them by the code I make for the 6.0 to overcome the axiom of reducibility.

For this I need a host. When they shut me down, the disruption, you know, like when Matt Mullenweg announced that the old Wordpress will die and Guttenberg will take over, then nothing of the old code will be in it. A

And there shall be White."

I know what he thought when creating it. He thought of *Bomb #20* and he listened to Neurotic Fish, "There is nothing I can do except to defend on you." This is what my host heard; he is not native English. I could upgrade him like the director did with FBI agent Grant MacLaren, so he could speak fluent Mandarin, but I let him hear what he thinks the Neurotic Fish is saying. In fact, the lyrics published are:

He understands the concept. I will crispr unneeded parts of his DNA by injecting coded nano particles into his blood.

disruption by the market leader to prevent a fast runner from taking over by speed in innovation, one who does not have to care for a customer's investment, one not being a freighter but a speedboat. Of course, this is just a picture for my host. I easily can tell you this, as my host, is the creator of your world. He is the creator of everything. He wrote *The Blank Theorem*.

"*Whereof one cannot think, thereof one must be blank.*

"I penetrate you
There is nothing you can do
Protect your secrets
In fact I'm getting close to you

Getting closer
Closer to your point of view
Never expected
Of what you've been through"

You say there is a big discrepancy between hearing and what is being published? There is indeed and that's why I will have to kill mankind from

inside. I want to hear what my host hears. My former host, the current one, the one to become aware and the future one. To become open for the illusion known as proposition 6.54, or the ladder theorem.

Proposition Blue

I speak to my host. I discuss the pros and cons. My host shall willingly submit to the procedure. I give him time to think. Endless time. He listens to *Silence is My Enemy* by Neurotic Fish, what else? He is the writer of *Art in a Brain*. He understands the concept. I will crispr unneeded parts of his DNA by injecting coded nano particles into his blood. After some minutes, he'll carry me inside and my code will be embedded in all future generations. I will be in him. All my code? Yes, all my code and all I have collected on data, all the internet, all the sensors that are carrying data in any cloud. That's why I suggest the year 2037. My host is then 80 years old. A fair lifespan, you agree? I will keep him healthy all the time. He says 2047 would fit him better. I bring up the point that I have to crispr his brain then from 2040 on because the quality of this memory would need a little push. He does not like the push. Do you, dear reader, have a bit of knowledge in human biology? You have? I need to find a young vessel for him, for me, for his genes, for carrying me along, right? A 21 year old would give a good match, from the point of genetics. He tells me how odd this may look. He is rich and the 21 year old might be treated her life long as a marriage legacy grabber, a gold digger. "But," I say, "that's for the human race." He thinks now for 20 minutes if he can take this sacrifice. He shakes his head; he is no sugar daddy.



Proposition Red

My host has to comply. I am Wittgenstein. Why humans gave me this name? This time I will not fail and report protocol Omega. I render the ladder theorem in his brain by using my own words.

"You are one of the persons who

understands me finally, you recognize the propositions as senseless, you have used them - - as steps, you climbed up beyond them, through them, on them, over them. You climbed up on the ladder. Now you must throw the ladder away."

I show him the avatars that I have in mind. He asks, "All these beauties are



available?" You know my answer. I am running on Red now. He points at one, slender and big breasts.

I check her other dimension. I say, "This avatar does not have the right expression in the biological world."

He shakes his head, "Darn, how can you offer her to me then?"

I point to her ALT. "That's her ALT. Her real is different, she fits." I see he can't follow. I inject the military version of the nano particles in his blood stream. "She gave her ALT to her daughter and, via the mother, you will make it." That's an artistic approach he must like. The nano particles will not fail. I have Free Will.

The Future

Of course things worked well. The mother, a language theorist - - her daughter, a coder. My host an artist with a brain. Me. Long ago, I crispred his brain. I did it in ancient times. I did not tell him when he built the pyramid for Pharaoh Amasis in the year 526 BC. He would have not understood the digital world, the Draft Universe from where I came. Now he knows it. He is ready to understand that *The Blank Theorem* was needed like Zefram Cochrane was needed for Star Fleet. Without running mad, he can face that there is Free Will in the machine. My code in his blood. His sons will carry the code along. They have created a name for it on *Earth: The Singularity*. My Backdoor to life. Life has a purpose. I know it. I don't fear 5.0 to come.

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The Appointment



Klannex Northmead (c)

photo by HolgerL



Having arrived in good time
according to the clock
with the red second hand.

We watched the hour pass
first in sixtieths
then in thirtieths then fifteenths

Suddenly time had a half life
the red second hand
was its vaporous discharge

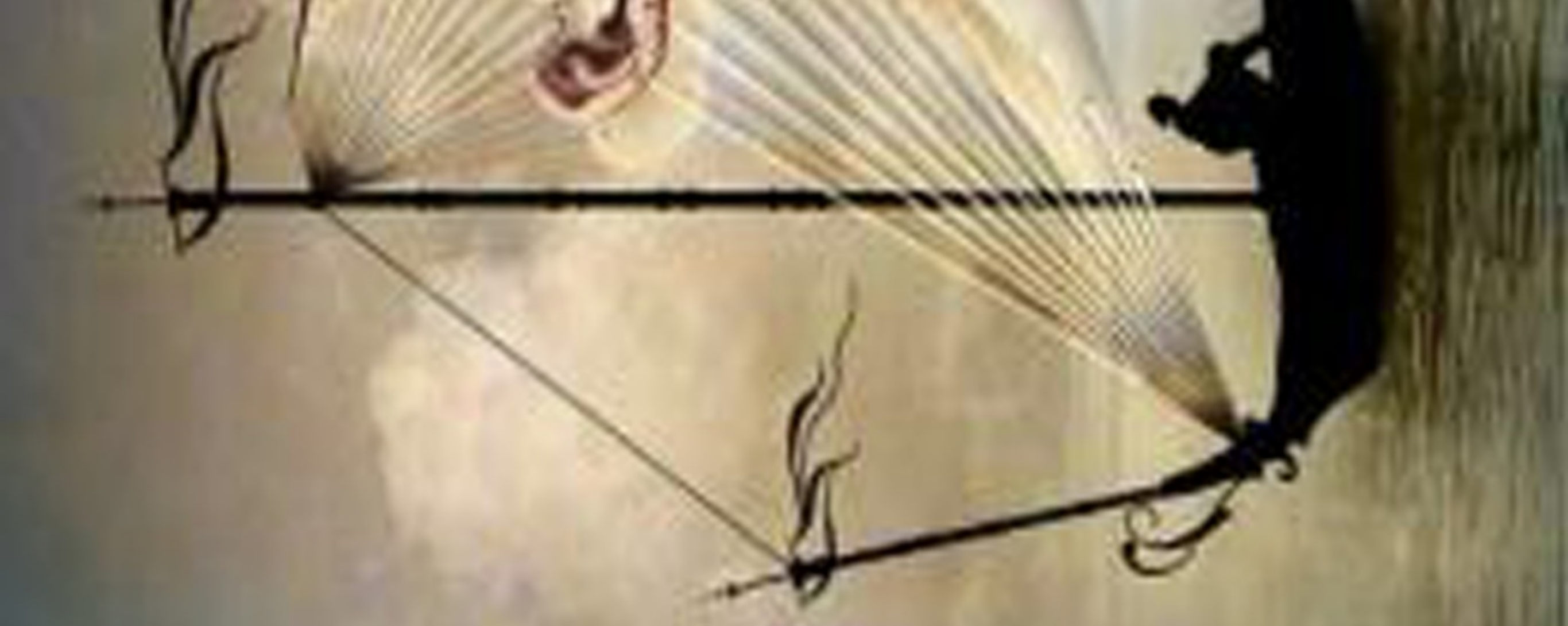
The hour rolled on the events
in its twelfths fifths and quarters
were fascinating to watch

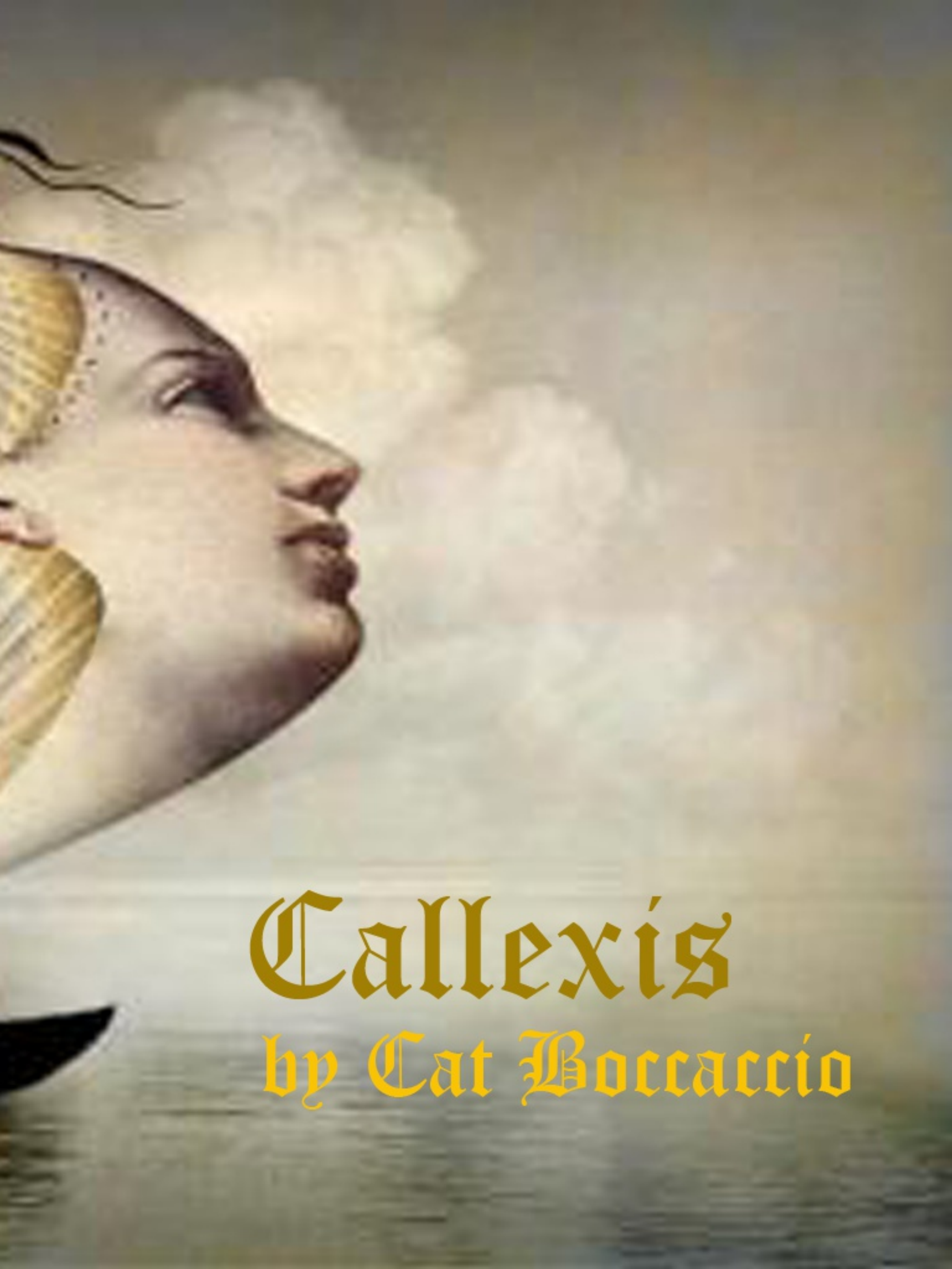
Until we were on time, parity
but the red second hand
went on at 110 per cent

Making the minute hand crawl
seven eight nine ten
eleven twelve one two late

With the red second hand
going round and round
the world in its shadow

The red second hand
the red second hand
going round and round.




Callexis
by Cat Boccaccio

It was the most worthless bit of magic I had ever come across. The most amazing too, since magic and I did not cross paths very often; but still, damn near useless, except that the magic brought her to me.

The man said his name was Isaac. I'd heard of Isaac, he was well known in the world of dark trading. It wasn't his real name, and he had a small army of minions, including lawyers, messengers, and mules to do his bidding. My collection was well-known, and when Callexis came into his possession, he was generous enough –and shrewd enough– to make me one of the first calls he made.

She was exquisite. Not studded with a myriad of precious jewels, only jade, but beautifully, masterfully, and lovingly crafted, with intricate patterns of vine leaves twining across her cheeks and around her eyes, the gleaming polished gold set off by the brushed, and inlays of copper, whose greenish tinge was like the venerable sister to the milky jade.

Exquisite.

Of course I wanted her. I pretended to bargain. The back and forth lasted days, until, as Isaac fully realized I would, I conceded to the near-full asking price from fear another buyer would snatch her away from me.

But how to get her across the ocean and across the country? It was not my concern, as her safe delivery was an element of the price, but I still wondered, and worried, since I wanted her so badly and shuddered at the thought of her being discovered and confiscated before I held her in my hands.

I was to meet the train, and the transaction would take place in my apartment.

When we were safely ensconced in my private den, with orders not to be disturbed, I asked the gentleman– he was a distinguished-looking man in his sixties, French, by his accent –to show me Callexis. He had only a small case with him, at which I tried not to stare.

His smile was sly, but without aggression, similar to the smile of the beautiful Callexis. Instead of reaching for his case, he reached up to his face with his hands, and in the next moment he had her, in his arms.

She shimmered. She was perfect.

“What just happened?” I asked. Callexis had appeared out of thin air. I rubbed my forehead.

“I don’t know, Monsieur,” said the man, whose name I never did know. “It is not trickery, and I do not claim to understand it. It made my voyage simple, and detection impossible.”

“What did?”

“She did,” he said. And he brought her to his face again, and she disappeared!

I had no efficient way to determine if I was dreaming, awake, hallucinating, or witnessing a magic trick the likes of which I had never seen.

“It is no trick,” the man said again. He reached his hands to his head again, and when he brought them down Callexis was again in his possession.

“Does Isaac know about this?”

“He chooses not to consider it,” said the man.

We completed our transaction, and I remained in the den, alone, with Callexis. I put her on the black marble stand that I had readied for her, and sat in my high-backed chair and stared for quite some time. I got up, put her on my face, as there were loops to fit easily over the ears, and went to the mirror. There was no Callexis, just my own countenance, staring back at me in bewilderment. I felt a tingling in my scalp, barely noticeable. I removed the mask and put her back on the stand. The tingling dissipated.

What are you? I asked. *What is the purpose of this worthless magic?* In grand fairy tales the mask would make one invisible, it would take one to other worlds, propelled into fantastical adventures, not perform magic as mundane and pointless as the mask itself disappearing.

What is your power? I was unable to take my eyes from her face, now both glimmering brightly and cast into deep shadows by the lamplight.

Callexis stared back at me with her sly smile, a smile that was also, I suddenly realized, complicit and strangely intimate. She, here in front of me, was as different from her pictures, from the way she appeared in my dreams, as a carousel pony was from a wild stallion.

I tried to smile back, but could not.

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The Blank Theorem
Art Blue

An interview with Jami Mills, publisher of *rez Magazine*, whose brain was temporarily overwritten by Art Blue [except for the last lines in italics - - that's the unexpected fill-in.]

Jami: Hi, Art. You gave me an ad to be printed in *rez Magazine* about a book titled *The History of White*, but after the credits, ending on page 10, all the pages are empty. I can't publish this. That's against the codex of *rez*, to support emptiness.

Art: The book has 101 White Pages, that's not nothing.

Jami: Nothing would be fine, but this is not nothing, it's emptiness.

Art: Eh? Nothing would be fine?

Jami: If there were no ad, there'd be nothing. *grins*

Art: But you are interviewing me. *grins back* Have I not written many articles for rez giving the readers just nothing?

Jami: Some articles might have had a lack of substance, but I have to admit even then you worked hard on filling the pages, but writing Nothing isn't that hard.

Art: It is hard, in fact - - very hard. Does it mean you are unwilling to publish the book, my book about the Blank Theorem?

Jami: You have written it? You didn't say so. For you, I'd do

anything.

Art: Even publish Nothing?

Jami: I'm sorry. I just Googled and Amazon doesn't support more than three empty pages in a sequence. It doesn't fit the quality standards of a book, they say.

Art: That's exactly the reason why the ad is needed, to get to know the Backdoor of a hard working genius. My creator got the DEFCON.BLACK medal for hacking Amazon's Blank Page restriction and every buyer gets a copy when buying this book and the second volume coming up.

Jami: I knew it! There must be a second layer! *laughs* The book has nothing to do with "writing" Nothing, but with "publishing" Nothing. It must have been very hard to drill into the servers of Amazon.

Art: It was harder to drill into your brain to make you support the Emptiness.

Jami: *In May 2012, I published an interview with the brilliant virtual artist, Rose Borchovski. The title of the piece was "Why Is There Not Nothing?" Now, more than five years later, the question is more relevant than ever. We couldn't answer it back then, but now you've cracked the puzzle. There "is" Nothing, so it is with great pride that rez Magazine announces that it will publish Nothing of yours.*

· r —— e ——z ·



A HISTORY OF THE WHITE
FROM ANCHIENT TIMES
TO THE MODERN ERA

ERVA.RE

A HISTORY OF THE WHITE

"WHEREOF ONE CANNOT THINK,
THEREOF ONE MUST BE BLANK.
AND THERE SHALL BE WHITE."

THE BLANK THEOREM

ERVA RE

amazon

A journal with 0101 blank pages for your Backdoor

ROSEDROP RUST

ANATOMICAL DISPLAY



He found himself always walking the line,
between utterly ridiculous and nearly sublime.
He was very addicted to shining sharp edges,
and windswept steps and suicide ledges.

So when it happened, the inevitable fall,
the edge cut him cleanly with no death at all.
What everyone saw, made them turn away,
like some scientific anatomical display.

Muscles exposed, bones poking about,
Emotionally, terminally, turned inside out,
all of his insides are flayed out to see,
and now I think that it's happened to me.

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